A

Most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus*

The Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merrie conceits of *Mouse*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall, on Shrovesunday night.

By his Highnesse Servants vsually playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,
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The Prologue.

Most sacred Maiestie, whose great deserts.
Thy subiect England, nay, the world admires:
Which heaven grant still increase, O may your praise
Multiplying with your houres, your fame still raise:
Embrace your Councell: Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by the others side.
So may your life passe on, and runne so even,
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heaven:
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,
From blemisht Traitors stain'd with periurie:
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames Europe shall borrow light:
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delights your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eaſily play it.

The King and Romelo,	} *for one.*
King Valentia,	} *for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia,	} *for one.*
Anſelmo,	} *for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	} *for one.*
Segaſto a Noble man,	} *for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wilde man,	} *for one.*
Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman, Acenra, Amadines maid,	} *for one.*
Collin a Counſeller, a Meſſenger,	} *for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	} *for one.*

A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy so, thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke revives, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and please:
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh:
Sound forth *Bellona's* silver tuned strings,
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his armes naked, besmeared with blood.

Envy. Nay stay minion stay, there lies a blocke:
What all on mirth? Ile interrupt your sale;
And mix your musicke with a Tragicke end.

Comedy. What monstrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controle the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Curre besmeard with gory blood,
That seem'st to checke the blossome of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster blush, and post away with shame,
That seek'st disturbance of a Goddesse name.

Envy. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wished port:
Ile thunder Musicke shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiuer their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish Caves.

Sound Drummes within, and cry stab, stab.

Hearken thou shalt heare noise,
Shall fill the Aire with shrilling sound:

And thunder muficke to the Gods above:
Mars shall himselfe breathe downe
A peereles Crowne vpon brave *Ennies* head,
And raise his chivall with a lasting fame:
In this brave Muficke *Ennie* takes delight,
Where I may see them wallow in their bloud,
To spurne at Armes and Legs quite shiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thousands slaine:
How lik'st thou this my Trull? tis sport alone for mee.

Com. Vaunt bloudy Curre, nurst vp with Tygers sap,
That so dost quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the love of all estates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe.
Thou bloudie, envious, disdainer of mens ioyes;
VVhose name is fraught with bloudy stratagems,
Delights in nothing but in spoile and death,
VVhere thou maist trample in their lucke-warme bloud,
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde revenge thee not on me,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands.
Give me the leaue to vtter out my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly crave thee hence,
And mix not death amongst pleasing Comedies,
That treats nought else but pleasure and delight:
If any sparke of humane rests in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the suit of me.

Ebuy. VVhy so I will, forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou loyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
VVhirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus shall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the play,
Fauouring thee with Envy and with Hate.

W

Com.

Com. Then vgly monster doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou thinkest with Tragicke fumes
To prove my Play vnto my great disgrase,
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe:
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragicke stuffe to be a pleasant Comedie.
Enny. Why then *Comedie* send the Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.
Com. And Ile defend them maugre all thy spight:
So vgly fiend farewell till time shall serve,
That we may meete to parlee for the best.
Enny. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall prove two Monsters spoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. *Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and friend,
VVhose deare affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
VVhence nere disloyaltie shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choise respect.
Muc. Much blame were mine if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friendship.
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee:
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'st that I imparted often have
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies never shone so gay:
Excelling; not excel'd; yet lest Report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not
VVing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.
Ansel. VVill you forsake *Valentia* & leave the Court?

Absent

Absent you from the eye of Soveraignty,
Doe not sweet Prince, adventure on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.

Muc. Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.

Ansel. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty deaw upon that beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoopes to.

Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loves strong Magicke charme thy triviall phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answer; locke thy lips,
Vnlesse thy wisdome sure me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ansel. That action craves no counsell,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than best usurped shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition.
A more obscure servile habiliment
Beseemes this enterprise.

Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke.*

Muc. Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on a humbler stocke.

Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weed is,' twas a Shepherds
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habit sutes my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better than Kings have not disdain'd that state,
And much inferior to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coat.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to Lovers is a second Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Ansel.

Anſel. Proſperitie fore-rune thee: Aukward chance,
Never be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture,
Content and Fame advance thee. Ever thrive,
And glory thy mortality ſurvive.

Enter Mouſe with a bottle of hay.

Mouſe. O horible terrible! Was ever poore Gentleman ſo ſcar'd out of his ſoven ſenſes? A Beare? Nay ſure it cannot be a beare, but ſome Devill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could never have had that agilitie to have frighted me. Well, Ile ſee my father hang'd before Ile ſerve his Horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers Horſe turne Puritane, and obſerve Faſting dayes, for he gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and becauſe Ile be ſure to have an eye to her, I will ſhake hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make every ſtep backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles over her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being Purſued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or elſe we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe *Segaſto*, helpe, helpe ſweet *Segaſto*, or elſe I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Segaſt. Alas Madam there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſave your ſelfe.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaid,
That cruell beaſt moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkas now lies headleſſe void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed Monſter is he dead?

Muce. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head.

Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſty.
Ama. Thankes worthy Shepherd, thankes a thouſand times.
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Than greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muce. Moſt gratious Goddeſſe, more than mortall wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no leſſe
Moſt glad am I, in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt;
My Father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,
And after him ſole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marrie me vnto *Segaſto*,
One whoſe wealth through Fathers former vſury,
Is knowne to be no leſſe than wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did uſe,
(Leaving the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further than our wonted walkes.
Scarce entered within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepfall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good Shepherd but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thouſand woes
VVhich at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.
Muce. Yet worthly Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes revive.
Ama. Beleeve me Shepherd, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muce. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him?
Segaſto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama, I know not I, that know the powres diuine,
But God grant this that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leave ſo brave a Princeſſe to the ſpoile.
Ama. Well Shepherd for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenced ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainely knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and never dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous beaſt,
In open ſight to every courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Segaſt. When heapes of harmes doe hover ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And of enſuing harmes to chuſe the leaſt,
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and caitiffe-like accurſt,
At whoſe proceedings Fortune ever frownes:
My ſelfe I meane moſt ſubiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt,
The more by proofe I finde my ſelfe accurſt.
Erewhiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſave my ſelfe,
Leaving my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long:
In living thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight her furie doth eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyalty.
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride, *Segasto* helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath,
But what, what needs these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe live, then happy I,
Shee will in time forgive and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir, she is runne downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou talkst of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou euer see any such?

Clow. No faith, I never saw any such:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bad me take heede I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segast. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serve my fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinckt that I should see nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming I threw my hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirra: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I never saw a Beare goe a milking in all my life. But harke you sir, I did not looke so high as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly,

Segast. But tell me firra: where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why doe you not know me?

Segast. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me: I tell you sir I am goodman Rats sonne of the next parish ouer the hill.

Segast. Goodman Rats sonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin unto him.

Segast. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I have a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is, my name is *Mouse*?

Segast. VVhat plaine *Mouse*?

Clow. I plaine *Mouse* without either welt or gard. But doe you heare sir, I am a very young Mouse, for my taile is scarce growne out yet: looke here else.

Segast. But I pray you who gave you that name?

Clow. Faith Sir, I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horse, for he hath beene halfe a yeere longer with my father than I have beene.

Segast. This seemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry master makes.
How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay soft sir, two words to a bargaine. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segast. No Occupation, I live vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. VVhy do you thinke that I am so mad to goe seeke my liuing in the lands among the stones, bryers, and bushes, and teare my holiday apparell? not I by your leave.

Segast. VVhy doe I not meane thou shalt. *Clow.* How then?

Segast. VVhy thou shalt be my man, & wait on me at Court.

Clow. VVhats that? *Segast.* VVhere the King lies.

Clow VVhat is that King, a man or a woman?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you sir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our parish the Church-warden?

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I never ſaw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt ſee him every day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares? No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane ſhirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you have entertained me, Ile tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from picking and ſtealing, and my hands from lying and ſlandering, I warrant you as well as ever you had any man in your life.

Segaſt. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* doe live, then happy I; yea happy I if *Amadine* doe live.

Enter the King with a young priſoner, Amadine Tremelio. with Collin and Counſellers.

King, Now brave Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foile, and we in ſafetie reſt;
It vs behoves to vſe ſuch clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warres;
Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerors in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countriers ſafeguard,
We are diſpos'd in Marriage for to give
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segaſto* here,
Who ſhall ſucceed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore have done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What ſay you Lordlings like you of my advice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſtie, we doe not only allow of your Highneſſe pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* live,
He will at full requite your courteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone* a Prince,
Lately our priſoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ranſome ſhall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leaſure ſhall afford:
Meane while doe uſe him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thanks to your Maieſtie, his uſage ſhall be ſuch,
As he thereat ſhall have no cauſe to grutch. *Exit.*
King. Then march wee on to Court, and reſt our wearied (limbs.
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in ſecret fit for thee,
When thou ſhalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then ſome weighty matter is at hand,
That highly ſhall concerne our ſtate,
Then *Collin* looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy ſervice thou tofore haſt done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in every point,
I ſhall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.
Coll. What ſo my Soveraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld conſent. *Exeunt.*
Enter Segaſto and the Clowne With weapons about him.
Seg. Tell me firrah, how doe you like your weapons?
Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my ſides warme.
Seg. They keepe the dogs from your ſhins well, doe they not?
Clow. How keepe the dogs from my ſhins? I would ſcorne but my ſhins ſhould keepe the dogs from them.
Segaſt. Well Sirrah leaving idle talke, tell me
Doſt thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?
Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.
Segaſt. I thinke ſo, for ſo hath every chamber:
But doſt thou know the man?
Clow. I forſooth, he hath a noſe on his face.
Seg. Why ſo hath every one. *Clo.* Thats more than I know.
Seg. But doſt thou remember the Captaine that was here ch the King, that brought the young Prince priſoner?
Clow. O very well.
Segaſt. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
ll him I have a matter in ſecret to impart to him.
Clow. I will Maſter, what's his name?

Segaſt.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O, the meal'-man: I know him very well,
He brings meale every Saturday, But harke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Hearke you Maſter, if he be not at home,
What ſhall I doe then?

Segaſt. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no body within,
I will leave word with his dogge.

Segaſt. Why can his Dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keepe his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then goe your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will goe fit, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you plucke downe the kings houſe?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I have forgotten it againe;
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt thou call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my Maſter. Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſt.* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio.* Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, whats that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a Iacke of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therfore I pray you call me not till you think I have done, I pray you good Maſter.

Segaſt. Well Sirra,

Tremelio. Thus it is, [illegible]

Spread thorow all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as have found triumph ard fauours,
Never daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segastes* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepherds death, I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to love no otherwise than to revenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* feares: Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe, What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thankes good my Lord: And in good time, See where he commeth; stand by a while, And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift. Have at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vild Coward, so without cause to strike a man; Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepherd hold, spare him, kill him not: Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done? Ah *Tremelio*, Trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death. And since that thou living didst prove faithfull to *Segasto*, So *Segasto* now living will honour the dead Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge. Bloud-thirstie villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder, Tell me, how durst thou be so bold, As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine? Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vsed according to the Law.

Muc. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse, Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepherd, reason not with mee, Ile manifest thy fact vnto the King: Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deserv'st. What hoe: *Monse* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaſt. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunke? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Slaine? No by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He's kil'd, I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What doe you uſe to kill your friends? I will ſerve you

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherd kil'd him.

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will have all his apparell if I carry him away.

Segaſt. Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow, Come then I will helpe: Maſſe Maſter, I thinke his mother ſung loobie to him, he is ſo heavy. *Exeunt.*

Muco. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one,
Sometime we feed our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in favour about the Court and Countrey,
To morrow thoſe favours will turne to frownes.
To day I live revenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo, No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I have further need.
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Boare, dare not abide his ſight,
But haſte away to ſave themſelves by flight.
The Chryſtall waters in the bubling Brookes.
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelves in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would revenge my ſelfe.
VVhy who comes here, with whom dare I not fight?
VVho fights with me and doth not die the death? not one.
VVhat favour ſhewes this ſturdy ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
VVhy death and nothing elſe but preſent death.
VVith reſtleſſe rage I wander thorow theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And every thing that doth aproach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgel come, my partner in my ſpoiles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any.
One pat ſufficeth for to worke my will.
VVhat comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time, will ſerve when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King. Segaſto, the Shepherd & the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
VVhat canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerved death.

Muce. Dread Soveraigne I muſt needes confeſſe,
I ſlew this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a farther meaning.

Segaſt. VVords will not here prevaile,
I ſeeke for iuſtice, and iuſtice craves his death.

King. Shepherd thine owne confeſſion hath condemned thee:
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution ſtraight.

Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But doe you here maſter King? he is kin to a Monkie,
His Necke is bigher than his head.

Segaſt. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forſooth I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloved Sire,
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime d'stressed daughter:
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein was thou distrest: I never knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now.
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
VVho for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastoes* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flye,
Left me distrest to be devour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes.
Till at the length this Shepherd came,
And brought to me his head. (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I doe present vnto your

King. The slaughter of this beare deserues great fame.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues great blame.
King Indeede occaſion oftentimes ſo falls out.
Segaſt. Tremelio In the warres (O King) preſerued thee,
Ama. The Shepherd in the woods (O King) preſerued me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the Shepherd had he beene in field.
Clow. So would my Maſter, had he not run away.
Segaſt. Tremelioes force ſau'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shiplickes nothing elſe.
King. Segaſto ceaſe to accuſe the Shepherd,
His worthineſſe deſerues a recompence;
All we are bound to doe the Shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Maieſtie.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long maiſt thou liue and when the Siſters ſhall decree,
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Maieſtie.
King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Maſter heare you, you haue made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrow you: what will you doe now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the Shepherd,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtill in your knauery:
But ſith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer. Come on ſirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
VVith gold and ſiluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of gold and treaſures:

More may I boast and say: but I
Was never Shepherd in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clow. All raine lousie Sepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee wel,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court,
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muce. Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine*?

Mes. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muce. Ah luckleſſe fortune worſe than *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poiſon thy ſelfe?

Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Clow. The worſt Ale-house that ever I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What ſhall I doe?

Clow. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command
To baniſh the Shepherd from her Fathers Court?

Mes. What ſhould Shepherds doe in the Court?

Clow. What ſhould Shepherds doe among vs:
Haue not we Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Muce. VVhy Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepherds are men and maſters ouer their flockes.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then?

Mes. VVell, you are alwaies interrupping of me:
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him
when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.
Shepherd ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gon within three dayes in paine of my diſpleaſure,
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be-
gone. Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muce. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needes depart?

Yee

Yee goodly Groves partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortlesse:
Yee wholesome herbes and sweet smelling savours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change, your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. Ariena, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice so sweet my pining spirits revives.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou dost.

Muc. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd although thy banishment already be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in absence either farre or neere,
You honour me as servant to your name.

Ama, Not so: *Muc.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soveraigne of my heart.

Muc. A Shepherd and a Soveraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muce. Unworthy wights are more in iealousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muce. Amen I say to have your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canst loue.

Muce. No longer loue, no longer let me live.

Am. Of late I loved on indeed, but now I love none but only
Mu. Thankes worthy Princesse: I burne likewise, (thee,
Yet smother vp the blast,
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Amu. Well Shepherd, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouer shades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Amu.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you please, you may appoint the time.
Amu. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muce. The thankes that *Paris* gave the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Amu. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a privy paine *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepherd such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous thorow the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepherd hath *Segastoes* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?
Segast. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matters
Clow. Why is it not past eleven of the clocke?
Segast. how then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Segast. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a doe with you, will you never come?
Segast. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you a-
Clow. I tell you all the messe be on the Table already. (bout?

There

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all upon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me goe to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very scent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What Arrand, an arrant knaue, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shepherd

Clo. O the Shepherds Bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the Shepherds banishment.

Clo. I tell you the Shepherds Bastard shall be well kept, Ile looke to it my selfe: but I pray you come away to dinner

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorson slave, haue you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the Shepherd?

Clo. What an Asse are you? here's a stirre indeed: Here's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I have, and you will not beleeve me, aske my staffe.

Seg. Why can thy staffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I that have obtain'd my will.

Clo. And happier I if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come firra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not lose an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seven yeares before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine sola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
For this my tarying frustrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* surely stayes for me,

And thinkes me over-long, at length I come,
My preſent promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme unfained love!
What is it which true love dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loves, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt: compulſion is a thall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* eſteemes.
But what, me thinkes the Shepherd is not come;
I muſe at that, the houre is at hand-
Well here Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She ſits downe*

Enter Breme looking about haſtily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Breme* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Breme*, dainties thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.
Ama. How can ſhe fight that weapons cannot wield?
Bre. What canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.
Ama. What muſt I die?
Bre. What needs theſe words? I thirſt to ſucke thy bloud.
Ama. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.
Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
And teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.
Am. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.
Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.
Am. Haſte Shepherd, haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt to late.
Bre. Ile ſucke the ſweetneſſe from thy marrow-bones.
Am. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe bloud.
Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome preſent death, *She kneeles*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying ghoſt.
Bre. Now *Breme* play thy part.
How now? what ſudden chance is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my ſinewes ſhake,

My

My vnweakened armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time was afraid,
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driving blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, doe not kill;
Shall I ſpare her that never ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe with me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

Br. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when men appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his Intent:
What one would wiſh the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th'appointed time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet prevented me:
VVell here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps, ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the worſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Monſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a ſtir indeed; here came hue after the Crier; & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe,

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers; Now sirrah, I had taken the maiden head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there come hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well Ile see, masse I cannot see him yet: well Ile looke a little further; masse he is a little slave if he be here; why heres no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty Fire-brand, and worse than all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft here she comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, wheres my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knave, thou haſt my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot? Ile know what Ile say

Old. VVhat wilt thou say.

Clo. But say I have it and thou darſt.

Old. VVhy thou knaue thou haſt not only my pot, but my drinke vnpaid for,

Clo. You lie like an old: I will not say whore.

Old. Doſt thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dareſt:

Serch me whether I have it or no.

She searcheth him, & he drinketh ouer her head, & casteth downe the pot, she stumbleth at it: & then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her pot and runs out.

Enter Segaſto.

Seg. How now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O flies Maſter flies.

Seg. Flies where are they?

Clo O here Maſter, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou lieſt, I think thou art mad.

Clo. Why maſter I have kild a dungcart full at the leaſt.

Seg. Go to sirra, leave this idle talke, give care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares.

Not an you were ten masters,

Seg. Why sir, I pray you give eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans plea-

Seg. I tell thee attend what I say, (sure.

Goe thy waies straite and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole towne? even goe your selfe, it is more than I can doe: Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head, I should reare a towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable and make a privie search, For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings daughter,

Clo. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run awaie with the Shepherd.

Seg. I cannot tel, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she to runne away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my selfe: but tell me Master, must I make a privie search, or search in the privie.

Ser. Why doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search every where, Leave no place vnsearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Firebrands house, and will not leave one place vnsearched: Nay ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when *I* have done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell; and I finde him not there Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, Ile be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Barathin with others.

King Va. Enough of musicke, it but addes to torment, Delightes to vexed Spirits are as dates Set to a sicke man, which rather cloy than comfort: Let me intreat you to intreat no more. *Musicke*

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, have done there. *ceaseth.*

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

VVhich ſuddaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner loſe their ſight for't,
Tis gold beſtowd vpon a Roiter,
VVhich not releeves but murthers him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
VVhich infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.
Anſ. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.
King Va. I prethee ſpeake that thriee,
Anſel. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.
King Va. O where *Anſelmo*? ſurfet me with that.
Anſ. In *Aragon* my Liege, and at his parting,
Bound my ſecrecie.
By his affections loue not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pitty of your age
Makes my tongue blab what my breſt vow'd, concealement.
King Va. Thou not deceiu'ſt me,
I ever thought thee what I find thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humor
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo privately to *Aragon*?
Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull iealouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine*, deſeru'd her high extolment.
King. Va. See our proviſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs followers of the comlieſt hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chryſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times hit ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſons apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy natiue soile,
Or trye some long abode within these woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home said I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* rests my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feel'st thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habite thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some gravity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heres thorow the woods and thorow the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft who haue we here? what art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clo. O I know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Mu. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepherd.

Mu. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clo.

Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maſter & *Amadine* walking ere day abroad, neerer theſe woods than they were uſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare. Now my Maſter plaid the man, and ran away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes me a Shepherd, and he ſtrikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath beene in love with the Shepherd, and for good will ſhe's euen run away with the Shepherd.

Mu. What manner of man was he canſt deſcribe him vnto me?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muc. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if I chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Maſter *Mouſe.*

Muc. O Maſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry ſir, I am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Uſher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and Ile proue mine Office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from under the Sea or ſo, and a dogge chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a Ruſher: a high Office I promiſe ye.

Muc. But where ſhall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is beſt being, either in the Kitchin eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Maſter *Mouſe.* *Exit*

Muc. Aye ſir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
VVith watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe, ſhe hath loſt her ſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandering to and fro ſhe ſeekes the VVell,

VVhich

VVhich yet she cannot finde, therefore will I seeke her out.
Enter Bremo and Amadine. (*Exit.*

Bre. Amadine. how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* crueltie;
Though I were dumbe and could not answer him,
The beasts themselues would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy sauage and inhumane deedes.

Bre. My loue why doest thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake lowder for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the shepherd is my Loue.

Brem. Haue I not sau'd thee from sudden death,
Given thee leave to liue that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kisse me (sweet) for all my favours past.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Brem. See how shee flies away from me,
I will follow and give attend to her.
Denie my Loue? A worme of Beautie,
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the blocke.

Ama. O spare me *Bremo*, love should limit life,
Not to be made a murtherer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Brem. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Iuory,
And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees shall spread themselves where thou dost goe.
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
VVith Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke shall be goats-milke, and Chrystall water
Distilling from the Fountaines and the clearest Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy loue.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my loue,
VVith all the pleasures that I can deuise:
and in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs & the wood-Nymphes shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleepe with Musicks sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine.*

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me,

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bremo. Welcome sir, an houre ago I lookt for such a guest,
Be merry wench, weele haue a frollicke feast,
Heres flesh enough for to suffice vs both,
Say sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou meane to die?

Muce. I want a weapon how can I fight?

Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to dye.

Muce. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to dye.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. Yet spare him. *Bremo*, spare him.

Bre. A way I say, I will not spare him.

Muce. yet giue me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.

Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer-long.

Muce. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their liues in loathsome Celles and woods,

And

And wholly giue themselues to witlesse will:
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A present prey, then might preuailed,
The weakest went to walst
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudenesse unto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soone forsooke the woods,
In stead of Caues, they built them Castles strong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickednesse,
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for so heard I thee call'd)
If men which liued tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes.
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to returne
From murther, bloud-shed, and like cruelties.
What, should we fight before we haue a cause?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bremo. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bremo. Away I say, thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised me to make me Queene,

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my will.

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. Then saue the Hermites life, for he may saue vs both.

Bremo. At thy request Ile saue him, but neuer any after him.
Say Hermite, what canst thou doe?

Muce. Ile waite on thee, sometime vpon thy Queene,
Such service shalt thou shortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what, ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I haue beene thorow the woods and thorow the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſad Emmets, thou meaneſt a little one.

Claw. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger than thou art.

Rum. Bigger than I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maſter turne him a way.

Segaſt. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he ſaid he did lead a ſaltſellers life round about the woods.

Segaſt. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went.

Segaſt. But tell me *Monſe*, how did he goe?

Clow. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Segaſt. I thought ſo, he was a Hermite, that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, never leaue ſeeking till you bring ſome newes of them, of Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleepe.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. Vnknowne to any, here within theſe woods
With bloudy *Bruno* doe I leade my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but only I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how oftentimes ſhe ſits,
And ſighes, and calls, Come Shepherd come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Ladie
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods,

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermit, I take no pleaſure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremoes* ſight:
Vnfold to me, if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudy Butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did loue.

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) ſure a man unfit to match with (you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had

Muce. Stay there, the wild man comes,
Referre the reſt untill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpring haue we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It greu'd us both, but ſpecially thy Queene:
Who in thy abſence euer feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace.

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander thorow the wood,
Toyle to and fro, for to redreſſe my want
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bremo. Waſt ſo? none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin:
Here take this weapon ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is to big, I cannot weild it in mine arme.

Bremo. Is't ſo? we'ele haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bremo. Then take my ſtaffe & ſee how thou canſt weild it.

Muc. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bremo. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou maiſt the ſooner learne.

Muce. Next tell how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bremo. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue,
Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or neuer it is time to ſtrike.

Bremo. And when thou ſtrikeſt be ſure to hit the head,

Muce. The head?

Bremo. The very head.

Muce. Then haue at thine. *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerueſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muc. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
you ſaid you loued a Shepherd.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but only him:
And will doe ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muc. But tell mee Lady ſith I ſet you free,

What

What course of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander thorow the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Muce. How if you find your Shepherd in these woods?

Ama. Ah! none so happie then as *Amadine.*

He discloseth himselfe.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liu'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine*:

Muce. Ay thats a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and falls ouer the wild man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? abots on you:
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir we would haue.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lustie Ile call a cooling card for you: O Maker, Master, come a way quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segasto. Whats the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O braue.

Segast. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clow. Nay thats a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Segast. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nigh?
Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your aſſurance, then Ile anſwer you.
Segaſt. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segaſt. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Segaſt. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.
Clow. Maſter with anone, none ſo.
Segaſt. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here?
Muce. What neede theſe words? weigh them not.
Segaſt. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I ſcorne thy
Clow. Weele not haue a corner of thy company. (company.
Muce. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clow. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando
Segaſt. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then ſeeke another that may you better pleaſe.
Muce. VVell *Amadine* it onely reſts in thee,
VVithout delay to make thy choice of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, a ſecond here:
There ſtands the third: now make thy choice,
Clow. A Lord at the leaſt I am.
Ama. My choyce is made, for I will none but thee.
Segaſt. A worthy mate (no doubt) for ſuch a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly, this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
VVhereby our daily victuall for to winne;
And laſt of all which is the worſt of all,
No Princeſſe then but a plaine Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepherd.
Ama. It ſhall not neede if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne;
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian I*,
But borne of Royall blood: my father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good.

Segaſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.

He gues her vnto him.

And tooke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore, and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doeſt thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segaſto*, but you leuild at the Crowne.

Clow. Maſter beare this and beare all,

Segaſt. Why ſo ſirra?

Clow. He ſaies you take a gooſe by the Crowne.

Segaſt. Goe to ſirra; away, poſt you to the King.
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as wee may.

Clow. I goe Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breedes great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe aſſure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I here within?

They cry within, Ioy and happinesse.

Collin. I heare a noise of ouer-passing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haste.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now sirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why sirra, thou shalt haue silver & gold if it be good.

Clow. O'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine*.

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a kinght.

Clow, How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright, Master get you away, If I be a Spright, I shall be so leane I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I shall want Parrell.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike vp thy selfe, here they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall daughter.

King. What doe mine eies behold my daughter *Amadine*? Rise vp daughter, and let these embracing armes Shew some token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your sorrowes Greater than my griefes:
Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:
Yet neuertheless knowing my selfe
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne Ile be reveng'd on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, work not thy will in wrath, shew

Kin. I, such fauour as thou deseruest. (fauour.

Muc. I doe deserue the daughter of a King,

King. O impudent! a Shepherd and so insolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to mee diſguis'd?
Muc. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence;
But this, deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee,
Diſguis'd my ſelfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in ſecret I did reſt.
And paſſed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large:
Deſiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then ſhall I thinke my trauells all well ſpent.
King. With all my heart; but this
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made tofore,
That he ſhould haue her as his only Wife,
Before my Counſell when he came from warre.
Segaſto. may I craue thee let it paſſe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Segaſt. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furniſh vp their rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thanks good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilſt I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segaſto* theſe great courteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why hearke you Maſter, bones what haue you done?
What given away the wench you made me take ſuch paines
for? Yov are wiſe indeed. Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my ſelfe: faith Maſter now we may goe to
breakfaſt with a wood-cock-pie.
Segaſt. Goe to ſirra, you were beſt to leaue this knaucry.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt day,

That euer hapt to a distressed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within: Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your presence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier planet neuer raign'd than that
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runs and embraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour so compel'd by nature,
That manners stood vnknowledged.

King Ara. VVhat we haue to recite would tedious proue
By declaration, therefore in and feast:
To morrow the performance shall explaine
VVhat words conceale: till then Drummes speak, Bells ring
Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Comedy and Enuie.

Com. How now *Enuy*; what, blushest thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deeds.
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt,
Although thou seem'dst to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy blockes,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enuy. Though stumbled yet not ouerthowne,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildnesse:
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast done well,
And Plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither,

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.
Com. Enuy ſpit thy gall;
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue monſters in the moulds of men,
Caſe vicious deuils vnder ſanctted robes;
Vnhaſpe the wicket where all periuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hell-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night.
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Enuy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tugge till one the maſtery win.
Enuy Comedy, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Comickemerriment.
Com. Thy policy wants grauity, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?
Enuy. Why thus
From my foule ſtudy will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eyes with chewing malice,
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Enuy. This ſcrambling Rauen with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And euery other where place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment than blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollity reheaſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at least restraint.
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly:
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,
Especially deceitfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Dauids* off-spring in his happie Clime.
Stoope *Enny* stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*
Enny. My power has lost her might, *Ennies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*
Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Ennie's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weele endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carkasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.
Enny. Amen.
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.